



"Give Tomorrow a Voice Today."
 "Prevent Rather than Cure."
 "Let us shape Tomorrow's Generation rather than patch up Yesterday's mistakes."

THE LORD'S PRAYER (An Interpretation)

My Creator Who dwells in Nature,
 Sacred be Thy Law . . .

Thy will be obeyed in the animal as
 in the Spiritual Kingdom.

Give us this day our daily duties.

Forgive us our faults and shortcomings
 in the same measure as we
 forgive those of our enemies.

Awaken our realization, that we
 may not be led into the Shadow of
 Oblivion, but be delivered from the
 temptation of the sensual . . .

For Thine is the Law, the reward
 of our effort, and the consummation
 of the Holy Word from the beginning
 . . . and as it will be in this
 World Without End.

Amen.

God manifests Himself
 In our thoughts.
 He but Whispers ---
 And it becomes an echo
 In our prayers.

To pray is only to remember our
 journey back to God,
 Not to blind us into a paradise of
 forgetfulness.

PREVENIENCE IN PRAYER A Thanksgiving Day Message By Joseph A. Sadony

*What is the relation of the spark to the charge of
 powder?*

*It gives it birth to discharge,
 A soul to release itself.*

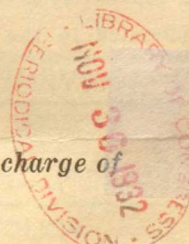
*What is the relation of that spark of God's Intel-
 ligence to man?*

*There must be an inlet and outlet . . .
 But who shall open the door of Paradise,
 And close the door of Prison?*

Lamentable as it may appear in this advanced day and age —
 and in this country where, by proclamation, a day has been set aside
 to commemorate the spirit of Thanksgiving — thousands of human
 beings now face this day with sincere convictions that they have
 nothing to be thankful for! These are they for whom material
 clouds shut out all light: they whose faith is destroyed by a
 "Depression"!

Let us thank God for material "Depression"! It brings men
 together in one common cause of charity and sympathy. It shortens
 the arm between rich and poor; gives a better understanding of
 war and peace; an alternative of interest, under the law of self-
 preservation, equalizing many things neglected, giving birth to
 genius hidden in log cabins, in attics and in slums: new leaders of
 necessity to replace leaders of extravagance and luxury.

"Depression" is not a visitation of God's wrath, but of man's
 folly and woman's blindness. It has been thus since Moses and
 Aaron: the golden calf of sensuousness openly displayed. While it
 shall ever exist without men's morals, it will however be under the





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POLICY

Prevenient Education.

International and Inter-organiza-
tional Understanding and Intellectual
Cooperation.

Ethical, Educational, Non-political,
Non-commercial, Non-sectarian Union
of Science and Religion.

The Soul was given the body as
much as the body the Soul . . .

Each has its functions and virtues.
If the body acquires too much influ-
ence, (by transgression), the Temple,
(will and understanding), becomes too
earthy and drifts through lack of
Soul influence into Idolatry and fanatic-
ism, stopping progressive evolution,
whereupon it immediately gravitates
backward through inertia into degener-
acy whose law and testament is the
pleasure of the body, and of the senses.
This destroys the purpose of the union
between body and soul. Prayer is the
one safeguard, the means of preserv-
ing that balance. It is the silken thread
attached to the God-head — The Eter-
nal Timing-beam — the un-united ends
of the circle of Birth and Death.

control of Will and Justice, as it should be — like our medicine bottles of poison well corked, labeled and used according to their purpose of life.

Question those who have lost most, and they will give you a reason "Why" they have lost, when they might have lost nothing. Their will was power to do. Why was it not done? There could not be a more effective demonstration of the universal need for "PREVENIENCE" than in the results of the lack of it. And yet, such is Nature's equilibrium that the cause of "evil" or "error" tends also to produce that which will thrive upon, thereby transforming, the fruits.

It is apparent that this world-wide depression is an effective instrument in promoting an amalgamation of thought and a union of opinion, physically, mentally and religiously. Just as excessive prosperity has ever given birth to segregation by wars, so poverty, through pity and charity, promotes congregation and unification, if sufficiently wide-spread.

It has recently been observed that the blight of depression has tended to force the amalgamation in Japan of small Buddhist temples of slightly differing sects. The same tendency may be observed in other fields and in other countries among those who would not, under any other conditions, entertain the idea. It is the "Prevenient" alone, the Prophets of old and the truly God-inspired of the present generation, who have ever, and will ever, hasten preveniently to embrace those principles today which starve at their roots that which shall otherwise breed the same sorrow and suffering for our children of Tomorrow.

"Prevenient Education" is not a "course of instruction" in the Letter. It is an awakening, in Spirit, of slumbering God-given Intuition, harnessed by "logic, reason and common sense." It is the perfecting of human instruments capable of susceptibility to the Will of that great and beneficent Broadcasting Power of Love, by whatever name it be called, which is responsible for our existence: thereby, alone, fulfilling the purposes of "Words made flesh." It is Human Gardening in the Spirit of Seeds, as well as in the Soil of Flesh and the Fruit of Environments. It is the release of Conscience from its prison of Instinct and blind material reflex into a Winged Angel of Intuition, even as the metamorphosis of a butterfly from the cocoon. It is not an adornment in complication of hollow forms; it is an infusion in simplicity of a hitherto lacking Soul.

It is written "Eat ye, and drink, for this is my body and blood." There is a process by which food is made into blood: but there is also a reverse process by which thought makes blood: and it is thus that body and mind may be purified. It is thus, also, that tomorrow may be given a voice today in Prevenient Education, for even the Past is the memory of the body or mind, so is the Future the Memory of the Soul, and the Present that moment of Activity, the Point of the Pen by which we crystalize forever, whether we will or no, with our blood as Ink, that which flows therein for all posterity to read.

The path to Prevenience lies through Prayer, for true Prayer is not an ignorant bemoaning or superficial request: it is an intelligent effort to "tune in": a spirit of humble inclination toward cooperation with that of which we are but a part, whether we consider this as a Law of Nature, or the Broadcasting of a Spirit of

Divine Behest.

We pray "Give us this day our daily bread" — of thought and inspiration. Let us then thank God for this, our Daily Bread, which fills the very air we breathe, in renewed abundance upon the threshold of a New Era. Of this, shall we who seek and knock never be deprived; for if we possess the antenna of Intuition, our soul of Faith will by its completed circuit make of the Imagination an amplifier to the human radio by which we may not only be guided safely through the Jungle of human doubt and selfish discord, but by absorbing the overtones of God Himself we may in life dissolve even the Door of Death.

Is not America a fitting Chalice in which to pour a draft of New Wine for the rejuvenation of a slumbering Faith? Is it not fitting that this be the scene, and we, as Americans, the first national exemplification of that spirit of Amalgamation and Unification of Aims envisioned in the spirit of Brotherhood by Christs and Prophets since the beginning of time?

There is indeed a War, the vastness of which is incomprehensible to the average mind. Yet it is within the power of Prevenience — it is within the power of an Army of Understanding — to prevent further bloodshed by the attainment of prosperity safeguarded by divine Wisdom which shall utilize it as a power to safeguard its own ends. If we fail to take advantage of this opportunity, it is our children's children who will pay the price.

Children require visual education, and Mankind is yet a child. Examples must be set, according to the Epoch. Further martyrdoms and crucifixions upon the eve of an Era of Prevenience would but confine our civilization, as a failure, to the vicious circle of past ages from which the soul of man has ever prayed deliverance. Difficult of achievement as it may seem, there is no nation at present psychologically better fitted to make a demonstration of spiritual unification, than the United States of America. We gave birth to a federation of divided states after the civil war. This was the body. Are we capable of infusing it with a national Soul? If so, we will have completed the leavening of the Loaf. If so, such a Soul will eventually enkindle and unify the nations of the world.

It is not by "revivals"; it is not from pulpit or platform that this may be brought about; but slowly, silently, "as a thief at night" where "two or three gather together."

Prevenient Education is not a "curriculum." It is hardly "organizable." It is a living force of Divinity in Personality. It is the fusing power of a living God ever operating through all, and independent of all, races, creeds, sects or isms. Its visible effects are the result of a vitality and motivating power dispensed, even as electrical power, from living Dynamos through various "condensers" and "relay stations" of inspired and active men and women who have proven their worthiness, even as storage batteries containing pure chemicals and distilled water, without short-circuits or leaks, that their beacon-light may be clear and lasting to indicate the harbor of a safe community or a happy home.

By Prayer, or by loving God or Nature, we will, without conscious thought or effort, conform to the laws of health and wealth. In prayer or supplication man tunes himself with Nature's laws, which in turn, by that same avenue, will protect him by instinct from Nature's law of destruction, (transformation or fermentation); and by intuitive susceptibility of great wisdom of the future's

At The Fulcrum



A PERSONAL EDITORIAL

Suppose I were to give you a very rare parchment, and a special, priceless ink that can never fade, to be preserved thereon. What would you write for your future children, if you knew that it was the only communication you could give them?

Don't forget that Yesterday is a parchment that has already absorbed such ink as records. Today, a clean parchment, lies before you to welcome that ink in your hands, your actions, your Will and what it wills for today. Today, only, is yours. Tomorrow invites you. But it hopes your step today rests upon its first round, of that ladder which prevents a futile climb.

Why not write only that of which you may be proud in the future? There are many future days to come, never fear; and you have today the choice of Tomorrow's opportunity.

There was once upon a time a King: arrogant, proud, cruel: who put great stress upon his great power to be obeyed, and upon his apparent wisdom, because of the flattery of those who ingratiated them-

selves into his influence.

There was one man, however, who would not bow himself before false pride, or laugh at the senseless "humor"; so he was brought before the King, and commanded to bend his will to the will of his Sovereign.

The man stood upright and, looking into the eyes of the King, said "Oh King, death has its door for each one, big or small. My will belongs to me, to do as I will. Over that you have no power, any more than I over giving up that will to death; so you may hasten death and its door, but I defy you whom I can torture more than you can me: for I torture your false pride. I call you a common cur, a mental swine, hated and despised by real men. I know too that you shall die in fear, as I in the realization that you can deprive me only of my body, but not the simple of ridicule at your senseless power to hasten my death.

"I dare to tell you the truth at the price of my life, but you cannot even harm, change, deny or prevent the execution of my opinion given before all these officers and slaves of yours. You know I have spoken the truth, dared to defy you and punished you more than you can punish me, for your penalty is greater than mine in the minds of living books who have heard my accusations, and will ever remember your humiliation which my death cannot erase, nor can it replace your good opinion of yourself. Therefore who shall die? I by your cruel hands, or you by my will to express these facts? My last sight of you shall be scorn, a smile that you may only still, while your entire kingdom cannot change the will that is mine."

And so, as most tales have a moral aimed at the "gentle reader", can you not realize the subtlety in your will-power for Tomorrow, to make character and shape Personality to do that which you will to do, as a rose will only to be a rose because it is? Then let's will what we will because it is what we will to will. And if not what we will want to will, then let us analyze if what we want is really the timber to build with—and seek until we find that in willing with what we have to will with, it is beneficial and what we should do to better all concerned.

unborn, stretched backward to meet him: the North and South poles of the same Magnet — give and take.

Prayer and supplication remagnetise the human compass; sensuousness, selfishness, thoughtlessness demagnetise it so that it cannot point truly: hence ships so guided are bound to go on the rocks.

Prayers of today have become more spiritual, as the concept of a God greater than that of our forefathers. For the tree of the human family has forced its crown of wisdom higher among the clouds of understanding, to ripen and moisten its fruits for the growth of its own creation.

The materialist wants a demonstration in a day. How can anyone judge or give an opinion of the power of prayer, of Christianity, or of the Prophets, unless he has given it a life time of experience to see the answer, and then left us the record — by which we may judge? Let us read the record of both atheist and believer, and see who has been the most useful: for therein lies the answer. But let us remember that this includes the common workman as well as the so-called genius who knows how to place words to confuse the supposed facts and make them seem real, or the poor mechanic who "Almost" found perpetual motion, to die in that thought of hope without realization.

God always produces a man to offset the self-appointed "wise men" of the day — to show them the path they have lost through egotism, having given only half the truth, the other half to please — the king, the press, the public, upon whom they are dependent. The rest is hidden in symbols for those who are worthy to penetrate and discover.

If we must adhere to a certain principle of thought in order to evolve intelligently, must we not hold a certain standard of thought or thinking? Has not that Standard been ever held before us, though at times obscured only to be restored again? Has it failed the test of hundreds, yes, thousands of years? Is not Prayer — that silent adoration of Harmony — a God-inspired method of restoring to the Throne-cell of our mind, that Criterion which ever brings us back to the Fulcrum of equilibrium, where we shall evolve normally into the New Era of Tomorrow, even as we have done unto Today?

Truly a sincere Prayer is but the Echo of God's Voice. Our ancestors were stronger, mentally and physically, than others of their time, or we of today would not exist. The weak, mental wrecks of ages ago have no generation of today. Their tree of genealogy has vanished long ago, to give way to the stronger, more energetic and new generation, the weak sacrificing life for the mothers of strangers

Let us pray for the enlightenment of our creation. Our narrow minds pent up in clay attempt to break the bonds of their present abode or generation, severed through birth from recollection of preexistence.

Let us pray for the key to memory, to enable us to open up our soul, and allow the sweet Angel to place in its remotest corner sweet-scented sunbeams to bring to our drifting mind the comprehension of the enlightened existence prior to our birth.

Let us pray for the wings of reprogressing time. It would enlighten our ever-careworn soul into action, and realizing our

duty unto our Creator, cause us to sacrifice all for His undying Love.

What have we to give? Nothing! Even our soul belongs to Him who created it by His precious Word and Breath. And if the heart behind every hand that holds a pen could feel instinctively the pure love this manifested toward them, what a different world this would be! But alas, we become aged, to die unto oblivion; while Nature labors unceasingly to undo what has been done, and to obliterate the memory of the thoughts and principles of the intelligent minds of genius by the birth of new generations.

To know all this would inspire men to cherish and generously imbibe of the fruit grown into blossoms by the learned men of past ages.

Let us pray for the time to come not far away when we may burst our bonds of one generation, and put into action our sluggish energy into flight from our past mortality — and live over our life to please God and Man.

A PRAYER

"Oh Lord, in my blindness teach me not to pray for that which is already mine,

But rather to thank Thee for bequeathing it even before my request.

Rather let me govern the little province given me, as well as I can, With the assurance of Thy protection that holds in order Thy divine Domain.

My gift of life is the assurance of my worthiness;

My effort, the proof that it was Thy will;

For my little star would not be seen were it not for Thy Sun to reflect its light of recognition . . .

Even the petals of a rose, as tightly as they are bound,

Unfold themselves slowly, without a scratch — even as the convolutions of our brain —

To give up their Soul, their Character, and their Perfume."

Even an "Atheist" hopes in his heart that he may be wrong,

And silently believes that he is,

The better to be able to argue his disbelief.

—Joseph A. Sadony.

* * * * *

If the chosen soul could never be alone,
In deep mid-silence, open-doored to God,
No greatness ever had been dreamed or done;
Among dull hearts a prophet never grew;
The nurse of full-grown souls is solitude

—Lowell.

—Just A Whisper—

Do not read too much without putting your knowledge gleaned into use,

Or your actions will be as useless
As the book on the shelf covered with cobwebs.

◆ Curses ◆

Don't accept curses too lightly, for curses of old were supposed to be effective even unto the third and fourth generation: and there were wise and thinking men at that time!

But do not fear the curses coming from foul lips. They are all blank cartridges.

Be cautious, however, if they emanate from a man persecuted, truly wronged, or crucified. For then there is fire of justice back of it—enough to cause one's own conscience to be his executioner: even if the accuser's suffering thought be only the broadcaster, and the accused the receiver to believe the curses consummated, and by auto-suggestion carry them out.

This has been done in history, and is easily accounted for if the wronged one believes his justice and interprets his prevision of possibilities.

There can be no imitation without a genuine. Therefore imitations are secondary, the shadow of the genuine or the substance.

A curse may be but a shadow which fades away. It may also be genuine, and accepted as such, but the shadow becomes executed by the belief of the guilty mind susceptible; and like a radio receiving set amplified by its own battery to the intensity of auto-suggestion, carries out the curse.

So let us not take too lightly the words of the old Sages. Remember they reached the top of those mountains of wisdom long before our forefathers were born. The evidence of this fact lies in the massive ruins of the masterpieces of their sons.

Ignore nothing, neither ridicule—unless you can answer the very question you doubt, yourself.

WHEAT AND DREAMS

A Garden for Singers of the Night and Day

Night: The swish of the Water that we call Dreams.

Day: The grinding of wheels to crush Wheat for Daily Bread.

THE WIND carries the seeds where they will grow,
Because there it has been before, millions of times,
And carried the drops of water to make it fertile. . .

SEEDS

God has planted seeds everywhere,
Which need but the moisture of love to bring them to life,
To bloom.
So they may by their breath of soul give thanks
With their perfume.

Whatever seeds you plant,
No matter where they grow,
Will mature with your necessity.
And so—
Selah. . .
Good Gardening to you!

SEEDS are the keys to release the hidden Kingdom of Vegetation.

TREES

Each year there is more to die;
But more beauty to live for than to die for:
Why cannot we die as beautifully
As the autumn trees?

ECHOES

Do you go upon the mountain-top calling
a name you do not mean,
And expecting the echo to repeat the
name you do?

Tomorrow

By Thomas G. Wade

No man has ever made rapid or sure progress while looking backward. On the other hand, the nucleus of all great fortunes, the fruition of all great dreams, the justification of all great sacrifices, has been the thought of Tomorrow.

We satisfy the belly-longing of the hungry today and call it charity. We ease the wounds sustained yesterday and never learn to prevent the same catastrophe tomorrow. We look backwards to the lives of babies and only dream futilely and blindly of the splendid potential fruition of character. We cast a careless backward glance at the withered leaves of last summer and never trouble to make of their regretted decay a fertilizer for the glorious crop of succeeding seasons.

We call ourselves Christians when we feed the hungry, and thoughtlessly commit future generations to the payment of the costs of our superficial handling of today's situations which have been brought heavily down on our puny shoulders by sheer lack of intelligence in yesterday's thinking.

There is a need in the world today, a big, crying need. A need that is unsatisfied because we do not try to understand its cause, and consequently cannot arrive at a solution for its satisfaction. That need is an inner need, a spiritual need, a need growing out of a lack of perspective.

When strong, healthy men and women arrive at a point of hunger in this age of civilized plenty and colossal waste, it is because of the lack of a spiritual something which has made them impatient to sustain themselves.

If in bestowing charity, if in nursing the sick and the lame and halt, if in the incarceration of the mentally unfit and the criminally inclined, we can tincture our good intentions with intelligent thoughts of Tomorrow, we will have solved the problems of the world.

The greatest thing in the world is TOMORROW. Shall we plunge blindly at it and into it, or shall we in each situation of today take cognizance of the situation as it may be made — as we can shape it.

The "Voice of Tomorrow" can be given expression today by Preventive Thought of Tomorrow, in terms of today's problems and today's needs.

A small voice in the wilderness is calling — calling mankind to the vision and wisdom of a Christ who died on a cross in order that Tomorrow might see civilization redeemed. May that voice roll into a veritable thunder of invitation on the one hand and of reproach of man's stupidity on the other, until through emulation and repetition mankind will recognize the Brotherhood of Man — until the hand of each of us is stretched out in intelligent, understanding helpfulness — until the existence of a segment of humanity in want, will constitute an accepted reproach of the intelligence, the charity and the godliness of the rest of us.

The problem of the masses is a problem of the individual. Can those of us with the God-given intelligence to read and assimilate, pass on to our humble brother an intelligent understanding of that problem?

We cannot, dare not fail to realize that in this sense "we are indeed our brother's keeper."

Prevenient Research



"I see a beautiful woman thoughtless of the morrow. That tomorrow tells me of her disfigurement, while she unconsciously smiles away her opportunities, and society bids me be silent.

"I see a sleek banker whose Fate tells me that it is waiting only for 'tomorrow' to wrest from his hands his wealth, his wife, his friends.

*"Today I see Youth in full vigor and hope. At his side disease casting dice with death. * * **

"A friend reaches out his hand to me with a smile on his face. I long to love and to trust him. He does not know that I see a dagger in his hand, and that I already feel the spot that it will enter.

*"This is the price of the Human Radio. But, it is a bargain, for when all pay the price, at last, Brotherhood is thrown in, as well as 'Peace on Earth,' — and paradise found again, for Thought, which is the root and seed of all growth, may not be hidden; and, thrown to the sun, night weeds will die. * * * * **

J.A.S.



Men desire to overcome war, crime, racketeering, graft, hypocrisy, confusion and economic crises, yet neglect and belittle the very means by which this may be done: a means which is now in the palm of our hands as a national characteristic, if we will but explore it in a rational, scientific spirit and assist it in maturing into the vision and foresight of which it is the seed.

A genius in any line confines his thought and efforts to the field of his interest. He specializes. He speaks with authority of past and present, which entitles him to "expectations" that are no less than predictions. A Prophet to all would need be practiced in every trade, familiar with every tool, experienced in each phase of life. False prophets, with a grain of truth, are many. Desire for power carries them out of bounds on wings of an imagination nourished by vanity and not governed by reason.

Born on the crest of each wave of thought are its own prophets. Early interest was national, religious, militant. The spokesmen prophesied wars, the fate of nations, the wrath of a God. Later interest was individual, industrial, scientific. There was reaction against war and a revenge-

SOLILOQUY

By HERMAN E. S. CHAYES

Oh God, I know Eternity is but the measure of your stride. And worlds are atoms flung from your centrifuge through space into their orbits.—And milky ways their paths.

The ether is your anvil on which your energy is beaten into firmaments with Thunder as your hammer, and Stars escaping sparks.

The Sun the incandescence of your forge, and Hurricanes the never-ceasing bellows.

You hammer moons to form and quench them in your oceans, creating jets of hissing steam which gather into clouds. Suspended in the air, these gather weight and fall upon the earth as rain.

BREAD

I am bread. . . . I am life. . . .

I grow from the ground and go through the big mill; then I am tortured in the ovens . . . tortured into bread . . .

I am the steel of life. . . . I give backbone to women and men . . . give them courage to fight . . .

Yet, some cannot have me . . . for I have been grabbed by a privileged few and a price has been placed upon me. . . .

Some stand in lines and beg for me . . . they call it the bread line.

—William Allen Ward

—GIVE IT A THOUGHT—

*Don't blame all on your children
When they go "wrong," or
"against" you.*

You were here first.

*Your love was supposed to have
chosen*

*The flower-bed, cultivated the
seeds*

*You have sown. Whom can you
blame*

*For the neglect, or imperfection
Of what you expected to har-
vest?*

J. A. S.

REFLECTIONS OF A PERSONALITY

By Jessie Bonstelle

(Continued)

Oh, the adventure of it, to finally find himself in the great city of his hopes. With his express package under his arm, he went to a public bath-house, and discarding his old clothes, came forth immaculate, to go to Mr. Booth for his job.

At the theatre on Twenty-third near Sixth Avenue, he presented himself. Mr. Booth was not there. They didn't know when he would be in. So young Alexander, nothing daunted, because they didn't *know* he'd been promised by Booth himself, took up his stand on the street corner where he could watch both the stage door and the front door, and *waited*.

His hero might come in a carriage, or he might possibly come on the Sixth Avenue street-car, which was a horse-car, of course, in those days.

After a while, a car came, with the slender, familiar figure of the great actor standing on the back platform smoking his cigar, dressed in his usual soft gray Prince Albert suit, with the soft black tie, and the soft gray felt hat. He swung off the car, not waiting for it to stop, and walked with his firm, quick, alert step to the sidewalk, to be confronted by young Alexander, who said, "Good morning, Mr. Booth. I'm the bell boy from the Briggs Hotel in Chicago. I've come for my position."

Booth stopped, nonplussed, for a moment; then the memory of it came back. He threw his head back and laughed, put his arm understandingly on the boy's shoulder and said, "And you shall have it." And young Alexander Stuart became the first "call boy" at Booth's theatre, which meant also going on in crowds, and playing bits, and voices outside; making himself useful as errand boy and general assistant at rehearsals.

One is not paid until the end of each week, so with no money for a room, and only a very little for food, young Stuart slept in the Green Room of the theatre, unknown to anyone but the watchman, until that first salary day.

One day at rehearsal, Mr. Booth called for his big Webster unabridged dictionary. It was bound in light calfskin. Young Stuart brought it. It had a large, strange dark greasy spot on it, at which the immaculate Mr. Booth exclaimed; and young Stuart had to confess that he had been sleeping with his head on it for a pillow. The oil used to make his thick wavy hair tractable had soaked into

ful God. Prophecy concerned itself with individual desires, needs, ambitions, with political and business ventures, scientific discoveries; it was in terms of love, happiness, peace, a state of mind and manner of living symbolized in "paradise" rather than "falling cities."

Success in any line of endeavor is evidence of the conscious or unconscious use of this "power", be it what it may. In fact, the test of the Prophet is in achievement. A false prophet will have "words" without works. So it is not difficult to find the true Prophets of any age. And it is precisely the function of this publication to find them, and prevail upon them to "Give Tomorrow a Voice Today" in a Magazine of Prevenient Thought.

Eleven years ago November 28th, another Prophet laid down his pen to rest. He was an Apostle of Love and Human Brotherhood: Abdul Baha. We find a copy of a book by another concerning the Bahai faith, and Beha'u'llah, the father of Abdul Baha. It was written in 1899. In reaching our hands not long ago, it had passed through the hands of one who littered it with marginal notes of destructive calibre. In fact, in spirit, it had been unmercifully torn asunder. The book passed also through the hands of Joseph Sadony, who "senses" the trends of books without reading their contents. A glint came into his eye for a moment, like the tempered steel edge of a sword. Then the sword was sheathed. He reached for a pen, and contented himself with writing inside the cover: "He who criticized this book by annotation should rather — if he could? — build a house of his own likened to this book, which speaks for itself — than to try to change its architecture."

A great deal of interest has been aroused by the letter from Abdul Baha to Joseph Sadony (printed in the October issue) — not alone among Bahai students, but among those who, (it seems strange to say), have not even heard of the Bahai movement.

This indicates that a surprising number of people are neither assiduous readers of the daily press, nor students of modern world movements. The Bahai movement is one of the few active faiths originating from and founded entirely upon what we now term "Prevenient" principles; therefore it deserves the attention of every student of "Prevenient Thought."

The writer of these lines is not an adherent of this or any other particular movement of thought. He is a student of Spiritual History, approaching the matter therefore from that "Perspective of the Centuries"; and it is hoped that his lack of familiarity with all the details of the "Letter" of the Bahai revelation, and his use of the wrong end of the telescope to produce a perspective even upon that which is still in our midst, may not hide from Bahai students the fact that he feels and believes in the spirit of their faith and efforts in the same measure, indeed, as any sincere student of Spiritual History is bound to recognize and therefore believe the message and revelation of every manifest Prophet from Abraham on, once perceiving the unbroken Thread, and the laws and conditions underlying the periodical outcropping of the "Power of the Word of God" in human Pens and Tongues, false prophets notwithstanding.

Humanity is a single Vine, though there be many branches and stems upon which are many clusters of human grapes of varying numbers and sizes. There is only one God, as the Root; but there have been many prophets, and upon each branch, in each cluster, "divers spiritual gifts," not the least of which is the power of Prophecy — all being the

blossoms of that human plant, which presage the fruit.

From the most remote times, in "divers places" God has "Spoken unto the Prophets" who have all foreshadowed the coming of a "world teacher or master," even as it may be predicted that the Century Plant will produce each hundred years a blossom of itself. With each appearance of one fulfilling the signs and bearing the marks of a master, it has most naturally been proclaimed and sincerely felt by his immediate followers that he was the one foreseen, the "divinely appointed" one, which, for them, he was, for they received dispensation through him. They imbibed the "Blood of Spirit" whereby, alone, they gained Light and increased in faith, through that Branch of the Vine from which they daily obtained Life.

We who may imbibe our Inspiration of the same Waters of Truth from the arteries of other Branches will, (if we do not accept food from false prophets), most surely recognize, and certainly not disparage, the fruits of all other Branches which drink from the same Root.

The Bahai movement today is the fruit of a Branch which made its appearance early in the nineteenth Century as the combined fruits of that same great "Right-hand" Trunk which produced Judaism, Christianity and Mohammedanism: The Patriarchal Manifestation, one might say, as adapted to the Positive Pole of Human Nature, and as distinguished from the Oriental conceptions of the Negative Nature, and the future Child of the two in an Era of individually complete and perfectly balanced human Magnets: an Era which has yet to be made manifest under requirements which demand the dissolving of walls and boundaries that prevent a consciousness of the Oneness of Mankind (the Ideal of the Bahai movement), in which the instinct of self-preservation will emerge from its prison with the wings of a sense of Race-preservation.

Then, and only then, will there be evident the voluntary and inwardly-prompted cooperation of all peoples, an example of which has ever been before our eyes in the miracle of Ants and Bees. Are we to concede to ants and bees that which is unattainable for and by Man? The "blueprints" have been drawn by the Great Architect, and are forever perpetuated in our sight to tantalize the minds of men until the mystery is solved.

The discovery of radio has solved the mystery for some and increased it for others. At least it is conceivable that what the Divine Creator has achieved by material reflex and so-called "Instinct" upon lower planes, can surely be emulated in a vastly higher sphere by spiritual reflex and Intuition, which places the reins of the Will in the hands of the Conscience, and gives ears to hear the "Voice of God" through the Soul.

The difference between hives of bees and communities of men may appear to be that the bees cannot help themselves, for "non-cooperating" units are "killed" as obstacles and exuded from the Hive; whereas with men unanimous cooperative response to forces felt but not seen seems to be a matter of voluntary effort. But if one will closely observe the fate of men who fail to heed their "Hunches" or Intuition, who yield to destructive impulses, or who in all apparent "innocence" are yet not susceptible to the Intuition which would prevent them from boarding a ship that is going to sink: the "Survival of the Intuitively Fit" will not strike him as an inconceivable law in conjunction with the production of a "New Era."

Indeed, it will be an awe-inspiring matter to observe the non-intuitive, throughout history, being herded into battle against each other, gathered at the feet of impending volcanoes, crowded into ships that are going to sink! This is not to say that the "Innocent" and the "Intuitive" are never among them. But if they are, and if they are not in the

the leather cover.

The boy waited for the stinging rebuke he knew he deserved. Instead, Mr. Booth said, "Alexander, strive to get the contents into the inside of your head, instead of the outside." The rehearsal of Romeo and Juliet, the opening play, went on; and the big fight scene between the house of Montague and Capulet was worked up into a fine spectacle of fencing and sword-play. In those days an actor had to know how to fence, as well as read lines.

At the dress rehearsal, Mr. Booth was in the front of the house, directing the very exciting, realistic fight which is stopped by the entrance of the Prince, forming one of the finest stage pictures. No detail of it escaped the artistic eyes of Edwin Booth, and as he came on the stage to correct or improve some posture of the body, some turn of the head of one of the thirty or forty "supers," he came to young Stuart and found a little pool of blood on the floor at the point of his rapier. The boy's sword-hand had been badly cut, but the call "Hold the picture" was like a command to a soldier, and in the excitement and glow of his rehearsal under Booth, he didn't even know he was cut.

This great man stopped the entire important dress rehearsal to give the boy his personal attention, bathed and bound up the cut, and sent him at once in a cab to his personal physician.

When young Stuart got his first salary he went to Mr. Booth and handed him the money.

"What's this, Alexander?" he asked.

"It's toward my indebtedness for your doctor, sir. I'll pay the rest next week."

A moment's silence, and then Booth looked at the boy, gave him a gentle cuff across his head, and said, "Go way. Don't bother me."

Years after Booth had gone, a grey-haired man, who had devoted his life to the finest and highest ideals of the theatre, and who had passed them on and impressed them on the heart and mind of his little young wife, sat with his eyes alight with the respect, admiration and adoration of a personality, a Genius, a man of great gifts: but with the greatest of gifts, that of human understanding, which I believe will always be the keynote of a great actor.

GIVE IT A THOUGHT

*A tree can only bear good fruit
After it has proven its blossoms
and foliage.
How like Man.*

—Just A Whisper—

*He who dreams all the days,
Finds himself searching for
companionship
Through lonely nights, while
others sleep
In peace over the day's accom-
plishments.
It is not enough that you have
discovered
A new country; but share it.
Otherwise it has not yet been
discovered:
Still only in the mind.
Knowledge, like currency, must
ever be
In circulation, or it is useless
And a curse.*

J. A. S.

capacity of "victims," or momentarily "disobedient," then they are committing an act of obedience, which signifies that their work is done, that they accompany the unruly sheep as shepherds, and that it is "time to go Home."

In this is the secret of Prevenience: and the simplicity of the solution to many "miracles." The plastic Point that God may control is in the mind of man. The wonders of Nature and the natural catastrophes of warring elements have been "planted" long ago. God surely does not at the moment need to open the earth to swallow a generation of "evil" people, who are but "Unruly Children," and as such obey the law of their own unruly spirit which leads them to build their city where the earth is at a definite moment (because of definite laws of contraction or expansion) going to open up!

The consideration of these viewpoints are a necessary preliminary to that phase of "Prevenient Research" in which the Evolution of Intuition will be followed, tracing the "Point" of positive Prophecy (as distinguished from the left-hand evolution of entirely negative "Mediumship") throughout the centuries, from Judaism to the impending fusions of the present day.

(To be Continued)

Beauty Goes With Perfection

Is it possible that any study, creed, religion or philosophy can be perfect in its truths if it lacks beauty and art in its study as an influence to Godly dignity which it advocates?

Do cleanliness, charity and patience not go hand in hand with Godly themes?

And if these precepts be not inculcated in the rituals and laws, can the rest be dependable to reach that perfect hypothesis, the purpose of spiritual evolution, with the expectation of reaching that goal of perfect bliss?

He who accepts but one theory in life, or recognizes but one flower, one flavor, one note, one color, shall become a blind fanatic, be he ever so good a Christian or a believer in God; for faith itself introduces every blade of grass as a new friend. Everything in life has its sermon, its flavor, its symbol and message; like the seven prismatic colors, all of which, combined, are white light.

Could you interpret the sunset by one color? The picture would

not be complete, as in the teachings of Christ. Could you play a tune upon a steam whistle of one note? It would be but a "sound," and not like a bugle that calls men to battle or to retreat. And still, does even that bugle give you the music of a Chopin or a Wagner, with all its cleanliness, art, muscular dexterity, color and tone, to play upon all the emotions of the human heart?

God cannot be completed in our consciousness until we as a little block, shall be placed by all bodies into one complete whole from whence we came before we were divided.

Rather than giving too much study to cosmic symbols of reincarnation and kindred subjects, would it not be more profitable to shape our understanding of goodness, making all preparation religiously for the coming love, matrimony, and the perfecting of our future children willingly, perfecting our race as we do with cattle and horses? Then we can be more assured of the real incarnation of ourselves in our children. And then we have at least

done our work well, not only to please our senses and our conscience, but to fulfill our duty as far as our individual reason has taught us not to thrust our hand into a flame and deny the pain and the loss of the hand.

Did not God give us eyes to see the act; nerves to feel; reason to judge our action and losses? Surely we have no right to destroy great things that we cannot produce.

Man is the fruit of evolution. He is supposed to be free. He is not supposed to cringe and cower before his Maker. But he is supposed to be King of the earth, and to uphold the dignity of his position. He is supposed to gather all that is in the world, which was placed there by the same Creative Cause which endowed Man with senses to perceive it, and Understanding to compare, to perceive relationship, and divine the meaning of those living symbols by which all truths are written before his eyes.

It is as if God said to us, "When you have found all there is to find in the world I gave you, then come, sit down with Me, and I shall teach you the real Game of Life, and we shall play this Game of Creation together, as we once did when I sent you forth to find and study the subjects of your kingdom, the Earth."

Behind the Scenes

Recently we received a letter from an educator of one of our foremost Universities, with whom we have been corresponding with regard to the educational phases of "Scientific versus Intuitive Prevision." In speaking of the almost unbelievable extent to which purely scientific prediction is able to attain, and its transition through synthetic faculties of the subconscious mind into purely intuitive "Imagination" so trained as to conform to facts, we questioned why people of average and more than average intelligence are so slow to awaken to abilities which they themselves possess in a more or less undeveloped but often "decisive" state.

He replied, "The reason most people will not go with you on the matter of prophecy is, in my opinion, that the word itself has too many connotations people are afraid of. It raises in their minds dim fears of age-old necromancers, flowing-haired Pandoras, smoking bull's entrails and the later psychological unhealthiness and turgidities of the flood of false psychologists, astrologers and occultists of various types. In this age, I find that almost anybody will accept almost anything if it is done on the basis of scientific prediction. These old and new fears tied up with prophecy disappear in the concreteness of prediction or forecasting. Do they not say 'We have our business forecast, we can predict our weather, we can forecast trends in education, we can predict what a student of a certain high school performance can do in college?' It very seldom is a matter of what you say but rather of how you say it. It is the connotations of old words that ring the warning bells in the brain. Perhaps that is why I like so much your word PRE-
VENIENT."

It is precisely for these reasons that we are avoiding the various vocabularies that have been engendered to color or discolor these things. For the most part these are imported terms. America has a language and a philosophy of its own. Let us use them. "The Great American HUNCH" says it all, at the start. "Intuition" covers all of the more advanced stages, and in the Arts, possibly "Inspiration." Then an understanding of the true nature and functions of the "Imagination" completes the picture

of the "human radio." We need no other terms. Even "Psychology" has absorbed the odium of a generation of deceivers on the one hand, and almost puerile inadequacy and incapacity on the other.

Anything savoring of the mystic or the occult, of the "Psychic" or "Clairvoyant": be it known, for the better understanding of our good brethren of fifty other nations who will read this, the vast majority of we red-blooded Americans loathe the terms for deep-rooted and long-festering reasons. A man does not like that which he feels has made a fool of him. He

Where are all the leaves now
That shall shelter us from the
heat of the sun next summer?
They are waiting to be born,
As tomorrow's children.
Shall we prune these trees now,
In order to give the coming
leaves a good foundation?
Or shall we welcome them on
limbs and foundation
That shall not allow them to ma-
ture.

Whose fault is it
But those with saw in hand
That rusts for the want of use?

is ashamed of it. And "Uncle Sam" has long been preyed upon, deluded and hoodwinked, (though it is only the honest who will admit it), under the cloak and banner of those detested words. Not that this is the fault of those with authentic spiritual abilities who give rise to the terms. It is not the fault of Prophets that false prophets infest the land.

Nor are we as a nation, exemplifying a supposedly materialistic civilization, averse to spiritual truths. But we are approaching them in our own distinctly American way.

"WORLD NEEDS PROPHET" is the heading that has been seen several times in recent months in the press. Here is a clipping of some months ago from San Francisco: "What the world needs today is a prophet—some man who sees, and because he sees, is able to organize the wealth and power of the country in such a way that no one need go hungry," said Archbishop Hanna before the San Francisco Advertising Club.

"The World Needs a Prophet!" Then let us reach forth our hand; perhaps we will touch one. Or look in the mirror; perhaps we will see one. The world does not lack prophets. Neither does the world lack food; yet men starve in the midst of plenty. Only they who starve and need to be fed; or they who themselves are prophets; they call out for a man who can "see." It is no time for modesty. Let them who are prophets step forth, for the world needs them now, and may never need them again.

"The world needs a Joseph," Rev. Johnston-Myers of Chicago pleads over the radio, "A Joseph, as in Egypt of old, to open the granaries filled by foresight, for the multitude who starve in the midst of plenty, and who stand idle in a nation where there is more than enough for all to do." And he who thus pleads, is himself a "Joseph," feeding thousands in his famous breadline at the shabby and old but spiritually beautiful church at Michigan Avenue and Twenty-third street: a breadline that Rev. Johnston-Myers has struggled bravely to keep open for years, but which in the recent demands upon it threatens to be submerged under the load.

Not only the world's greatest, but the world's humble men have ever been, and will ever be "Prophets." To catalogue them would be to enumerate all the great Statesmen, Religious Leaders, Artists, Musicians, Poets, Fathers and Mothers, Scientists, Gardeners and successful business men in the world.

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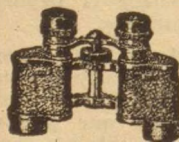
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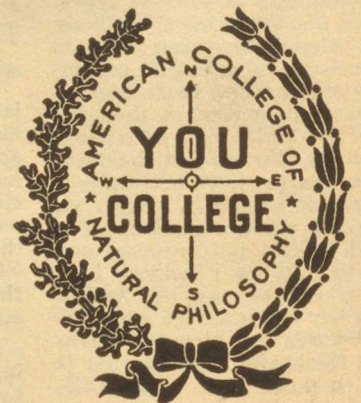
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